कि किलाकियार्जि वर्ष 18,000 Miles of Reilros ACBIRD, THE TRAFFIC DIRECTOR OF THE GOULD SYSTEM OF RAILROAD

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC. From night watchman to one of the great-

sitions in the gift of one of the kings est positions in the gift and with a salar of the railroad world, and with a salar equal to that of the President of the United States, is a long step, but it is the achieve-ment of A. C. Bird, whose appointment as director of the Gould system of railroads

has recently been announced.

Many men have dreamed of making a like successful climb on the ladder of life, but few have been able to make the fancy a reality, whether from failure to grasp opportunities or from lack of the opportunity they themselves best know

they themselves best know.

With Mr. Bird it has been a case of work early and late, and with never falling to take a long reach out whenever the slight-est opportunity presented itself.

Mr. Birl is in all senses of the word a

self-made man.

Born in a small country town, and without resources except those found in an ac-tive mind, and a willingness to turn a penny by methods beyond question, with a pair of ready hands he began at the very bottom rung of the ladder, and on a foun-dation that only honesty and willingness to

work can build. Every effort to take a step forward has been crowned with success, and apparently not once has there been the slightest wavering in purpose or step. His goal was the top. It has taken him nearly forty years to reach it.

And he is now responsible to but one man for his work—he now reports directly to George Gould.

Mr Rird is a native of Illinois, having been born in Pittsfield in 1843.

Like the great majority of the children in that thriving little city, he attended the

public schools, which at that time taught little more han the fundamental principles of the three Rs. Nor does it appear from the testimony of the boyhood friend of Mr. Bird that he stood at the head of his class in his vari-

ous studies. In fact, the testimony is to he contrary. He was bright enough, these boyhood friends say, but he would not pay atten-tion, and many times he was severely rep-rimanded by his instructors.

FOUGHT THROUGH THE WAR. Such was young Bird's early life. It was not different from that of thousands of others born in similar circumstances in the

Middle States of our beloved America. Then came the Civil War. Bird enlisted with the Twenty-Second Illinois Infantry.

Later he joined the Fourth United States Cavalry and served with that section of the big army of the North until the final sur-

ice and returned to his home.

After a few weeks' rest young Bird dis-covered one day that he was without visi-ble means of support, and that if he wished to eat regularly without being a dependent he would have to do some hustling.

He realized that he had a fair amount of experience, but it was not a stock he could draw on to pay his landlady for room rent and prune sauce, and it was then that he cast about his net to land a position that

night watchman and baggage smasher with the old St. Louis, Alton and Terre Haute Railroad, now a part of the Big Four system, in Pana, a near-by town and for fifteen months he filled this position.

Promotion then came and he became successively bill clerk and cashier.

Next he was transferred to the general freight offices of the company and became claim clerk.

Here he attracted the attention of his auperiors by his painstaking work, and it was not long until he was made chief clerk. In 1872 he went to the St. Louis, Kansas City and Northern as chief clerk in the freight offices, and two years later was ad-vanced to the position of general freight agent.

Taking a similar position with the Wa-bash, St. Louis and Pacific Railway in 1879 he was appointed a few months later superintendent of traffic of that road.

MASTERED ALL DETAILS. MASTERED ALL DETAILS.

Mr. Bird, on taking his first position in a freight office, started in to master every detail of the business, and to this he owes his success, and when he left the Wabash road, which was even then controlled by Jay Gould, there was not the slightest detail with which he was not familiar.

He severed his connection with the Gould road in 1883 to become general freight agent

of the St. Paul system. In 1839 he was advanced to the position of freight traffic manager and six years later was made general traffic manager of the entire system. When he left the St. Paul he was third vice president and in charge of traffic.

road in 1883 to become general freight agent

Mr. Bird's new position places him in charge of the passenger and freight business of 18,000 miles of road, and his will be the hands and brains that must guide and be responsible for the business of all of this render at Appomation, taking part in all of mileage, which runs nearly from coast to the visitor is at once made to feel at home.

the engagements in the Red River country. | coast and through a rich and constantly At the close of hostlittes he left the serv-These roads and their connections involve every road in the United States, as well as steamship and transportation lines

abroad. These lines are as follows: Ann Arber
Detroit and Mackinne
Pittsburg, Carnegus and Western
Kansas City Southern would make it possible for him not to and would make it possible for him not to and would make it possible for him not to and would make it possible for him not to and would make it possible for him a sketch of the life of Jay Gould and he had no sooner finished reading the article had no sooner finished reading the article had no sooner finished reading the article western and Great Northern 1033 western maryland 211 western Maryland 211 western acquisition of the Western The recent acquisition of the Western are the Gould group and the following the article had no sooner finished reading the article between the following the article had no sooner finished reading the article between the following the article had no sooner finished reading the article between the following the Wheeling and Lake Eric

Atlantic scaboard.

The Wabnsh is the connecting link east and south. The Kansas City Southern sives an outlet at Port Arthur, which is connecting the conne

entrance into Baltimore and a start for the

an office at Port Arthur, which is connected by ship canal with the Gulf.

The connection to the West is the Denver and Rio Grande to Salt Lake City and Ogden, the Texas Pacific runs to El Paso, and the St. Louis Southwestern from Cairo, Ill., to Gainesville, Tex.

While the position is a new one with the Cauld water two similar open. Gould system, there are two similar ones-

one for the Harriman and the other for the Mr. Bird's, however, covers greater interests, and his equipment to perform the tasks of his office consists of his thorough knowl-edge of every detail. In fact, he is the lead-

ing traffic official of the West, and is so recognized by his associates. His headquarters will be in Chicago, as are those of the other two traffic directors. and it is expected the three will act as a scrt of board of control in charge of the affairs of the principal systems.

On the personal side of Mr. Bird volumes might be written.

He is a happy-go-lucky, whole-souled chap, who seemingly doesn't care whether school keeps or not, as is said of indolent But this general appearance is a

EDETE. Not a man visits him that he is not read through like a book during the minute's surveyal, and it is done in such a way that visitor is utterly unaware of what is His ability to fudge human nature is said by his friends to be something remarkable.

ALWAYS CHEERFUL. He always has a pleasant smile and a joyous word for all who seek an audience, and

swer in the affirmative, his resources are so great and his art of entertainment so clever that the printer before the esssion is ended is made to feel that he was mistaken in his promise. be against the interests of the host to anpremise.

A delegation of stockmen from South Dakota called on him one day and told him flat-footed at the start that if relief from

heard from behind the door of the outer room of Mr. Bird's suite of offices. The session lasted for more than two

hours, and when the host had got the guests in good humor by telling them stories illustrating the fallacy of the procedure outlined by them and they had problems of the day.

If the matter involves points that it would | started to depart, the agent of the com "Why, Bird is going to fix it all right."

Pressed further for actual results of the meeting, the reply was: "Why, Bird did not really agree to do any-

thing, but it's all right, anyway. All of us were 'way off our base." Mr. Bird's particular hobby is books

be found editions de luxe of all the standard authors, many first editions and rare manuscripts.

fancied discrimination in rates were not forthcoming at once there would be all kinds of trouble, and that, in short, the stockmen, who were wealthy, would build a Though a member of several clubs in Chi-cago and Milwaukee, he is not often found at them, but instead may be located at his branch of their own to connect with a home in Evanston, in the library, when he competing line and withdraw their patronhas any leisure time. age. Soon sounds of uproarious laughter were Booklovers say he owns one of the finest libraries in the United States, and in it can

BY FRANCIS LYNDE.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Roger ireton was executed in 1781 by Governor Tyrun for his partnerpation in the Regulators' insurrection, and his carolina estate, Appleby Hunfired, bestowed uron one Gilbert Stair. His son,
John Ireton, having till then served the King in a
regiment in Engiano, threw up his commission
and took service with the Austrians. In 1778 he
returned to the New World to have the his

and took service with the Austrians. In 1773 he returned to the New World to see if, in the troublous days of revolution, he could not segan his ancestral exate.

Almost the first man he meets is Sir Francis Falconnet, an old enemy of his English Army days, now a Captain of Hessians. The two fights due, in which Sir Francis wounds irreton taking an unfair advantage of the intervention of Margery Stair, the daughter of the usurper of Appeeby, whither Irreton is taken by her orders, because hinding nim to respect what he believes to be the prior claim of a young Arman believes.

He did not do it, being restrained, as I afterwards learned, by his uncertainty as to whether or no the mountain men had cannon. Against artillery posted on the neighboring hillocks the trees were his best defense, and so he left them standing. As you would suppose, my situation was now become most trying, and poor Tybee's was scarcely less so. Knowing my name and circumstances, and having, moreover, a high regard for my old field marshal's genius, Major Ferguson was very willing the contraction of the method of the me

to be the prior claim of a young American, mea-deamifer. She aiso tells him that six strants resconnet has saked her to marry him, a mar-riage that he purposes to prevent. hits tong he discovers that he is in reality the Busines of the harones, who intends to dehounce aim to Tarieton as a Continental spy. He also learns that a powder convoy is to be sent out to aim the inmans, for raiso upon the parriots.

ireton is led our to execution, but saved at the

rescues Jennifer and the two engage in a se of adyromics.

Argery Shari kidonaped by Indiana. John ton, accompanied by Dick Jennifer and Ephrin Yeates, and approach yeathers, they locate Mary and approach prevent Ferton's party from a dash up and prevent Ferton's party from any her. Jennifer plans new colp. The react that the state of the second party from the plans are copy to the tent which Margery is held a copy to the tent which Margery is held a copy to the course are captured jand atom to the tent the state. They escape and rescue Margery in the state. They escape and rescue Margery in the is taken to a place of safety.

CHAPTER XXXIX-Continued

From the camp talk, we, Tybes and L eaned some better information of the sit-ation. A fortnight earlier Major Ferguson had captured two of the over-mountain men of Clark's party, and had sent them to the in due form-or, rather, with the threat to the over-mountain region pioneers to their allegiance to the King.

This challenge, so our scouts told us, had
been immediately accepted. Sevier and Shelby had embodied some 200 men each from the Watauga and the Holston settlements. and Colonel William Campbell, the stout old Presbyterian Indian fighter, had joined

them with as many more Virginians.

Crossing the mountain these three troops had fallen in with other scattered parties of the border patriots under Benjamin leveland, Major Chronicle and Colonel filliams of South Carolina, until now, as the scouts reported, the challenged out numbered the challengers. Learning this, Ferguson, who was as prudent as he was brave, thought it best to make his stand at some point nearer the main body of the army, and so the withdrawal from Gilbert Town had fallen into a retreat and a pur-

From what Captain de Peyster has since told me, there would seem to be little doubt that the Major meant to fight when he had communds to the contrary. In his dispatches he was continually urging the need for a bold push in his quarter, and ask-ing for Tarleton and a sufficient number of "Damn the the legion to enable him to cope with a cheerfully." mounted enemy. But be this as it may, the garbled letter I had brought him turned ries, the latter decently well drilled; he had every reason to expect the needed help from Cornwallis, and, on the night of my arrival, he had word that another Tory force under Major Gibbs would join him in a day or two, at farthest. For this battle-ground Major Ferguson

chose the top of a forest-covered hill the that day King's Mountain.

In some respects the position was all

that could be desired. There was room on the flat hilitop for an orderly disposition of the fighting force, and the slopes in front and rear were steep enough to give an attacking enemy a sharp climb. Moreover, there was a plentiful outcropping of stone on the summit, scantiest on the broad or outer end of the hill, and this was so dis-

But there were disadvantages also the chief of these being the heavy wooding of the slopes to screen the advance of the asthe slopes to screen the advance of the as-saulting party, and while the Major was

busy making his dispositions for the fight, I

onorable gentleman let me fall between two stools. As a patriot spy, it was my duty to turn the Major's confidence as a weapon against him. But as an officer and a gentleman I could by no means descend

to such depths of perfidy.
In this dilemma I sought to steer a midile course, saying that I must beg exempopened my old sword wound-as indeed ! had. So the Major generously let me be, thus heaping coals of fire upon my head; thus heaping coals of fire upon my head; and I kept out of his way, consorting with

Tybee, who, like myself, must be an on-looker in the coming fray.

As for the Lieutenant, he was all agog to learn more than I dared tell him, and it irked him most nettlesomely to have a light in prospect in the which he was in honor, he begged me to release him from his parole; and when I would not he was for fighting me a duel with his freedom for a stake.

"Consider of it. Captain Ireton," he plead-"For God's sake, put yourself in my ce. Here am I, in the camp of my friends, gagged and bound by my word to you whilst your infernal plot, whatever it may be, works out to the coup de grace Ye gods! It would have been far merciful had you run me through in our

"Mayhap," said I, curtly. "'Twas bu the choice between two evils. Nevertheless "No, I'm damned if I shall!" he retorted fuming like a disappointed boy, and minding me most forcibly of my hot-headed Richard Jennifer. And then he would repeat: "I

thought you were my friend." "So I am, as man to man. But this mat-I have sworn fealty. Take your own words back, my lad, and put yourself in my place I do less than hold you

"No, I suppose not," he would say, "Yet 'tis hard; most devillal

the shoe may be upon the other foot.' The baggage wagons had been massed across the broad end of the hill to eke out the stone breastwork, and the last of these arguing colloquies took place beneath on of the wagons, whither we had crept for shelter from the rain, which was now pour ing again. In the midst of our talk, Major Ferguson dived to share our shelter, dripping like a water spaniel.

"Ha! ye're carpet soldiers, both of ye!" he snorted, and then he began to swear pitcously at the rain.

"Twill be worse for the enemy than for

us," said Tybee. "We can at least keep our powder dry."
"Damn the enemy!" quoth the Major. "So the weather does not put the creeks up and hold Tarleton and Majo Gibbs back from us, tis a small matte whatever scale there was to turn. He had whether the rebels' powder be dry or now with him some 1,100 regulars and To- soaked."

"You have made all your dispositions Major?' Tybes asked.
The Major nodded. "All in apple-pie order, no thanks to either of ye, 'Tis a strong position, this, ch, Captain Ireton? I'm think

ing not all the rebel bandits out of hell

will drive us from it." "'Tis good enough." I agreed; and here the talk was broken off by the Major's diving out to berate some of his Tory militiamen who were preparing to make a night

The rain continued all that Friday night and well on into the forenoon of the Satur-day. During this interval we waited with scouts out for the upcoming of the moun-tain men. At noon Major Ferguson sent a final express to Lord Cornwallis, urging the knowing that his former dispatch had been intercepted, nor that Tarlete yet started to the rescue. A little later the scouts began to come in one by one with news of the approaching riflemen.

busy making his dispositions for the fight, I was on tenter-hooks for fear he would have the trees felled to belt the breastwork with a clear space.

He did not do it, being restrained, as I afterwards learned, by his uncertainty as to whether or no the mountain men had cannon. Against artillery posted on the neighboring hillocks the trees were his best defense, and so he left them standing.

As you would suppose, my situation was not determed for my old field marshal's genular decreams and circumstances, and having, moreover, and with the farmed form one whom I knew for a brave and honorable gentleman let me fail between the trees that force of the uniform he too, did ample justice to the uniform he too, did ample justice to the uniform he streamly signed. Captain de Peyster, too, did ample justice to the uniform he streamly of the hilltop. What he meaut to do will never be known till that great day when all secrets shall be haven the summit at the far end of the hilltop, twas de Peyster who led the summit at the far end of the hilltop, twas de Peyster who led the summit at the far end of the hilltop, twas de Peyster who led the summit at the far end of the hilltop, twas de Peyster who led the same that the freed damper thanks to the Major's ingenuity—had fitted butcher-knives to the muzzles of the uniform he streamly of the hilltop. What he meaut to do will never be known till, they were without cannon and they lacked bayonets were without cannon and they lacked bayonets the did not do it, being restrained, as I afterwards learned, by list uncertainty as to were without cannon and they lacked bayonets the fill of the far end of the bayonet the far end of the summit at the far end of the summit at the far end of the hilltop. What he meaut to do will never be known till, they were without cannon and they lacked bayonets the far end of the summit at the far end of the s

the rock breastwork and waited in strained silence. At the last moment Major Ferguson sent Captain de Peyster to me with the request that I take command of the Tory force set apart to defend the wagon barricade-this if my weariness would permit went with the Captain to make my ex-

cuses in person.
"Say no more, Captain," said this gen erous soldier, when I began some lame ples for further exemption; "I had forgot your sword-cut. Take shelter for yourself and look on whilst we skin this riffraff alive." And so he let me off; a favor which will make me think kindly of Patrick Ferguson so long as I shall live. For now my work was done; and had he inststed, I should have told him flatly who and what I was-

and paid the penalty.

I had scarce rejoined Tybee at the wagon when the long roll of the drums brok the silence of the hilltop, and a volley fire of musketry from the rock breastwork or rave me one last reproachful look and stood out to see what could be seen, and I stood

with him.
"Your friends are running," he said, whe there was no reply to the opening volley and truly. I feared he was right. At the ottom of the slope scattering groups of the riflemen could be seen hastening to right and left. But I would not admit the charge

apparent fact. "They have come too fa

'But they'll never face the fire up the hill with the bayonet to cap it at the top," he

presently. Ah, I thought so: here they At the word the forest-covered steep at

our end of the hill sprang alive with dun clad figures darting upward from tree to tree. Volley after volley thundered down them as they climbed, but not once did the dodging charge up the slope pause or falter. Unlike all other irregulars I had off the piece and run, these mountain mer held their fire like veterans, closing in upor the hilltop steadily and in a grim silenc broken only by the shouting encourage ments of the leaders-this until their circling line was completed.

Then suddenly from all sides of the be

eaguered camp arose a yell to shake the

stoutest courage, and with that the wood covered slopes began to spit fire, not in volleys, but here and there in irregular snappings and cracklings as the sure-shot riffemen saw a mark to pull trigger on.
The effect of this one-bead target practice—for it was naught else-was most terrific.
All along the breastwork, front and rear, crouching men sprang up at the rifle crack ings to fling their arms all abroad and to fall writhing and wrestling in the death throe. At our end of the hill, where the rock barrier was thinnest, the slaughter was appalling, and above the din of the firearms we could hear the bellowed com-mands of the sturdy old Indian fighter, Benjamin Cleaveland, urging his men up to still closer quarters. "A little nearer, my brave boys; a little nearer and we have

be as good a breastwork from our side from theirs!" Tory helpers of Ferguson fought as me with halters round their necks; and deed, a-many of them did. But though them witness that they did fight well and bravely, and not as men who fight for

them! Press on up to the rocks.

fear's sake.

And they were most bravely officered Major Ferguson, boldly conspicuous in a white linen hunting-shirt drawn on over his uniform, was here and there and every-where, and always in the place where the bullets flew thickest. His left hand ha

There was but a small body of them, not above a thousand men in all, so the spies said, and my heart missave me. They were without cannon and they lacked bayonets; and moreover, when all was said, they

and wordless; men in red and men in homespun rushing madly hither and you in tack at the same instant. 'Twas a hell set free, with no quarter asked or given, and where we stood the Tory defen wagon barrier were presently dropping around us in heaps and windrows of dead

and dying, like men suddenly plague-smithink we stood aloof and looked on coldly. At the first fire Tybee stripped off his coat and fell to work with the wounded, and I quickly followed his lead, praying that nov my work was done, some one of the flying missiles would find its mark in me and let me die a soldler's death.

So it was that I saw little more of the pattle detail, and of that flerce frenzy-tim I have memory pictures only of the dead and dying; of the torn and wounded and bleeding men with whom we wrought, striving as we might to stanch the ebbing life-tide or to ease the dying gently down that the belief of the control o nto the valley of shadows.

And as for my prayer, it went all unan-swered. Once when I had a dying Tory's ead pillowed on my knee I saw a rifleman thrust his weapon between the wheel spokes of the outer wagon and draw ead on me. I heard the crack of the Deckard, the zip of the bullet singing my ear, and the man's angry oath at his missing of me. Once again a rifle ball passed through my hair at the braiding the queue and I felt the hot touch of it o my scalp like a breath of flame. Anothe ime a mountaineer leaped the rock barrie to beat me down with the butt of his rif and in the very act Tybes rose up and throttled him. I saw the grapple, sprang to my feet and whipped out my "Stop!" I commanded: "you have broken your parole, Lieutenant!"

The freed borderer glared from one to th other of us. "Loonies!" he yelled; "I'll slaughter the both of ye!" And so he would have done. I make no doubt, had we not laid hold of him together and heaved him back over the breastwork.

These are but incidents, points of conta wagon barricade. I pass them by with the mention, as I have passed by the sterner horrors of that furious killing-time. These last are too large for my poor pen. As we could gather in the din and tumult, the mountain men rushed again and again to the attack, and as often the brave Major Peyster led the bayonet charges that pushed them back. Yet in the end the un-erring bullet outpressed the bayonet; there came a time when flesh and blood could no longer endure the death-dealing cross-fir

from front and rear. I saw the end was near when the Majo ordered the final charge, and Captain de Peyster formed his line and led it forward at a double-quick. The mountaineers held more than half the hilltop now, and this forlorn hope was to try to drive them down the farther slopes. On it went, and could see the men pitch and tumble of the line until at bayonet-reach of the riflemen there were less than a dozen afoot and fit to make the push.

De Peyster fought his way back to the wagons, gasping and bloody. Some of the Tories crowding around us raised a white all but disabled, swore a great oath and rode rough-shod into the ruck of cowering militiamen to pull down the flag. Again the white token of surrender was raised, an again the Major rode in to beat it down with his sword. At this Captain de Peyste

"'Tis no use, Major; there is no m fight left in us! Five minutes more of this and we'll be shot down to a man!" Ferguson's reply was a raging broad enough to cover all the enemy proad enough to cover all the enemy and tis own beaten remnant as well; and then, before a hand could be lifted to stay him. been hurt at the first patriot gun fire, but it still held the silver whistle to his lips, and the shrill skirling of the little pips was the had wheeled his horse and was galloping.

derous volley which killed the flag-bearer and many others. Again the flag was raised on a riffe-barrel, and once more the answer was a storm of the leaden death poured into the panic-stricken crowd huddled like sheep

at the wagons,
"God!" said de Peyster; and with that he
began to beat his men into line with the flat
of his sword in a frenzy of desperation, seing minded, as he afterward told me to give them the poor chance to die a-fighting.

I saw not what followed upon this last despairing effort, for now Tybee was down and I was kneeling beside him to search for the wound. But when I looked again, the crackling crashes of the rifle-firing had ceased. A stout, gray-headed man, whom I afterwards knew as Isaac Shelby's father was riding up from the patriot line to receive Captain de Peyster's sword and the battle was ended.

CHAPTER XI.

Vac Victis.

If my hand were not sure enough to draw n some speaking picture of this our och-marking battle of King's Mountain more on coming to the task of setting forth the tragic horrors of the of setting forth the trage horse I pray y will hold me excused, my dears, if 1 hasten over the events tripping upon the neels o fthe victory, touching upon them only as they touch upon my tale.

isid as for the stage-setting of the after-scene you may hold in your mind's eye the stony hilltop strewn with the dead and dying; the huddle of cowed prisoners at the waron barricade; the mountaineers, mad with the victor's frenzy, swarming to surround us. 'Twas a clipping from Chaos and Night gone blood-crazed till Sevier and and Night gone blood-crazed till Isaac Shelby brought somewhat of order out of it; and then came the reckening. Of the seven hundred-odd prisoners

greater number were Tories, many of them red-handed from scenes of rapine in which their present captors had suffered the los wonder that there were knives and rifles shaken aloft, and flerce and vengeful counsels in which it was proposed to put the captives one and all to the cord and tree. But now again Sevier and Shelby, sec-onded by the fiery Presbyterian, William Campbell, flung themselves into the breach, pleading for delay and a fair trial for such night, made chill and comfortless by the cold wind and most doleful by the groans and cries of the wounded, wore away, and the dawn of the Sunday found us lying as we were in the bloody shambles of the hill

parties were at work; and since the stony nttle ground would not lend itself for the trenching, the graves were dug in the vales below. Captain de Peyster bezged hard for leave to bury the brave Ferguson on the enot where he fell, but 'twas impossible and now, I am told, the stout old Scots-man lies side by side with our Major Will Chronicle, of Mecklenburg, who fell just before the ending of the battle.

The dead buried and the wounded cared arations were made in all haste for speedy withdrawal from the neighborhood of the battlefield. Rumor had it that Tar eton with his invincible legion was with nen, sodden weary with the tolls of the flying advance and the hard-fought conflict were in no fettle to cope with a fresh foe patriot commanders, having my hands and heart full with the care of poor Tybee, who was grievously hurt, and being in a measure indifferent to what should befall

But now as we were about to march I was dragged before the committee Colonels and put to the question. and put to the question.

"Your uniform is a strange one to us.
sir," said Isaac Shelby, looking me up and
down with that heavy-lidded right eye of "Explain your rank and standing, if

I told my story simply, and, as I thought, What is your charge?"

et on a Photograph by Marceau MRS. GEORGE J. GOULD AND HER DAUGHTER MARJORIE. Newport, R. I., July 24.-Mrs. George J. Gould and her daughter, Marjorie, are two of he most conspicuous of Newport's fashionable summer colony.

SOCIETY'S FAVORITE MATRON

She and Her Daughter Are Having a Delightful Outing on

Their Yacht, the Emerald.

IS MRS. GEORGE J. GOULD.

Mrs. Gould and her daughter are having a delightful time this summer with their racht, the Emerald. Mrs. Gould has a cottage at Narragansett, where her two elder boys stop, and the lodge in the Catskills, where her younger children are with her nother, Mrs. Kingdon. Mrs. Gould goes from place to place frequently and stops in New York between visits with her husband, who recently returned from an inspection of his railroads

Of all the cottagers hereabouts, there are none who appear to be more supremely nappy than Mrs. Gould and Marjorie, who possesses all the grace and beauty for which her mother was famous on the stage as Edith Kingdon

Whittlesey," he directed; and I found my-self face to face with that rifleman of Colonel Davie's party who had been so White Sevier was talking, the old borderer flerce to hang me at the fording of the

This man gave his testimony briefly, telling but the bare truth. A week earlier I nal passed in Davie's camp for a true-blue patriot this though I was wearing a ragged British uniform at the moment. A for the witness himself, he had mis loubted me all along, but the Colonel had doubted me and had sent me on some secret trusted me and had sent me on some secret mission, the inwardness of which he, John Whittlesey, had been unable to come at, though he confessed that he had tried to it out of me before parting com

pany with me on the road to Charlotte.

I looked from one to another of my judges "If this be all, gentlemen, the man does it confirm my story," I said.
"It is not all," said Shelby, "Mr. Pengar-

There was another stir in the back grounding group and the pettifogger edged his way into the circle, keeping well out of hand-reach of me. How he had made shift to escape from Ferguson's men, to change sides, and to turn up thus serenely in the ranks of the overmountain men, I not to this day, nor ever shall know,

"Tell these gentlemen what you have told me," said Shelby, briefly; and the factor, cool and collected now, rehearsed the undeniable facts; how in Charlotte I had fig ured as a member of Lord Cornwallis's military family; how I had carried my milignarcy to the patriot cause to ength of throwing a stanch friend to the Commonwealth, to wit, one Owen Penar-vin, into the common jail; how, as Lord Cornwallis's trusted aid-de-camp, I had I had hang!" een sent with an express to Major Ferguson. Also, he suggested that if I should be searched some proof of my duplicity might

be found upon me.

At this William Campbell nodded to two of his Virginians, and I was searched forth-with, and that none too gently. In the breast pocket of my hussar jacket they found that accursed duplicate dispatch; the one I had taken from Tybee and which had so nearly proved my undoing in the inter-view with Major Ferguson.

Isaac Shelbe opened and read the accus-ing letter and passed it around among his

olleagues.
"I shall not ask you why this was undelivered, sir," he said to me, sternly, "'Ti enough that it was found upon your person

and it sufficiently proves the truth of this gentleman's accusation. Have you aught further to say, Captain Iroton? Aught that may excuse us for not leaving you behind us in a halter?"

Do you wonder, my dears, that I lest my head when I saw how completely the toils of this little black-clothed fiend had closed around me? Twice, nay, thrice, I tried to

speak calmly as the crisis demanded. Then mad rage ran away with me, and I burst out in yelling curses so hot they would surely dry the ink in the pen were I to seek to set them down here.

'Twas a silly thing to do, you will say, and much beneath the dignity of a grown man who cared not a bodle for his life, and grant you this; and yet it was that same buil-bellow of soldier profanity that saved my life. Whilst I was in the storm of it, cursing the lawyer by every shouted epithet I could lay tongue to, a miracle

his arm, and my dear lad to fling himself upon me in a bear's hug of joyous recog-nition and greeting. "Score one for me, Jack!" he cried. "We were fair at t'other end of the mountain, and 'twas I told Eph there was only one man in the two Carolinas who could swear the match of that my judges. "What is this, gentlemen? A court-martial? Captain Ireton to my friend and as true a patriot as ever drew breath.

was wrought and Richard Jennifer and Ephraim Yeates pushed their way through the ever-thickening ring of onlookers; the latter to range himself beside me with

his brown-barreled rifle in the hollow of

effectively; and had only black looks for my pains.

"Tis a strange tale, surely, sir-too strange to be helievable," quoth Shelby.
"You are a traitor, Capitain Ireton-of the kind we need not cumber ourselves with on a kind we need not cumber ourselves with on a march."

"Who says that word of me?" I demanded, caring not much for that to which his threat pointed, but something for my good name.

Shelby turned and beckoned to a man in the many behind him. "Stand out John." "Stand out, John | der calculated to delay the Major's march

it.
While Sevier was talking, the old borderer was fumbling in the breast of his hunting shirt, and now he produced a packet of pa-

pers tied about with red tape,
"Pears to me like you injun-killers from
tother side o' the mounting is in a mighty
hot sweat to hang somebody," he said, as
coolly as if he were addressing a mob of underlings. "Here's a mess o' billy-doos with Lord Cornwallis's name to 'em that I found 'mongst Major Ferguson's leavings. underlings. If you'll look 'em over, maybe you'll find out, immedity if not sooner, that Cap'n John here is telling ye the plumb truth."

The papers were examined hastily, and presently John Sevier lighted upon the disatch I had carried and delivered. Thereat then my case was reopened, with Sevier spokesman. "We have a letter here which appears to

be the original order to Ferguson, Captain Ireton. Can you repeat from memory the postscriptum which you say was added

I gave the gist of my old patriarch's addendum as well as I could; and thereupon suspicion fied away and my late judges would vie with one another in hearty frontier hand-grasps and apologies, whilst throng that ringed us in forgot cau-and weariness and gave me a cheer 'Twas while this burst of gratulation was abuzz that Ephraim Yeates raised a cry of

"Stop that there black-legged imp o' the law!" he shouted, pushing his way out of the circle. "He's the one that ought to cade, a clatter of horse-hoofs on the hill-side below, and Yeates's rifle went to his face. But the bullet flew wide.

his own.

his face. But the bullet flew wide, wide, and the black-garbed figure clinging among the trees.
"Ez I allow, ye'd better look out for that
yaller-skinned little varmint, Cap'n John." quoth the old man, carefully wiping his rifle preparatory to reloading it. 'He's rank pizen, he is, and ye'll have to break his neck sooner 'r later. I 'lowed to save ye the trouble, but old Bess got mighty feul yestiddy, with all the shootings and goings

on, and I hain't got no lead-brush to clean her out."

Now that I was fully exonerated I was free to go and come as I chose; nay, more, I was urged to east in my lot with the over-mountain partizans. As to this, I took counsel with Richard Jennifer whilst the Colonels were setting their commands in order for the march and loading the pris-

oners with the captured guns and amm tion. "What is to the fore, Dick?" I asked;

"more fighting?"
The lad shook his head, "Never another blow, I fear, Jack. These fellows crosse the mountain to whip Ferguson. Havin done it, they will go home." I could not forego a hearty curse upon this worst of all militia weaknesses, the disposition to disperse as soon as ever a

battle was fought. "Tis nigh on to a crime," said L "This But the lad would not admit the qualifying condition. "'Twill be no less as it is," he declared. "Mark you, Jack; 'twill put new life into the cause and nerve every man of ours afresh. And as for the redcoats, if my Lord Cornwallis gets the news of it in a lump, as he should, Gates will have plenty of time to set himself in mo-

Twas then I had an inspiration, and I ought upon it for a moment,
"What are your plans, Richard?" He shook his head. "I have none worth

Sevier for a term of service?" (To be continued)

Convright, 1903, by the Bowen-Merrill Con